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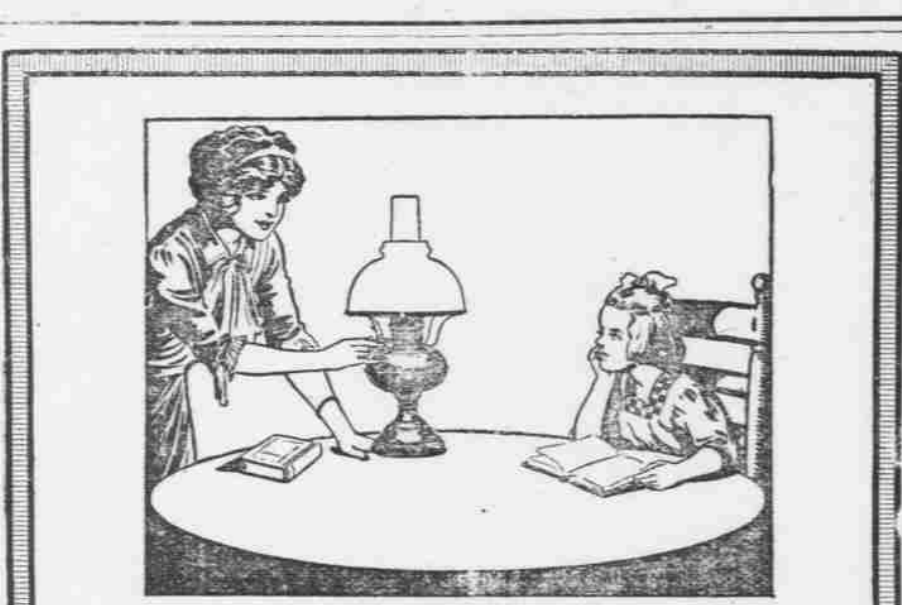
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Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomerooyne, Ky.—In interesting advice from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try **Theodore's Black-Draught**, and quit taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it. I have now been taking **Black-Draught** for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it. I am so thankful for what **Black-Draught** has done for me." Theodore's **Black-Draught** has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest. Get a package today. Only a quarter.

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THE TREY O' HEARTS

Where've ye been? Where are Marroplat and Jimmy?"

Digging the nails of her fingers painfully into her palms, she breathed deep, fighting down hysteria, reasserting her self-control in so short a space of time that her father failed to appreciate that there was anything uncommon in the mind of the girl.

"Where?" he demanded angrily as she approached the car, "where, I want to know, are Marroplat and Jimmy? Haven't you seen or heard anything of them? They left me at six o'clock this morning, to go after—"

"Dead!" the girl interrupted, sentimentally, crying his name.

"I don't believe it!" the old man screamed, aghast. "I won't believe it. You're lying to me, you jade! You're lying!"

"I am not," she broke in coldly. "I am telling you the plain truth. They followed us all morning in the red racer, firing at us all the while. Finally they caught up with us here, about noon—came up this road shooting over the windshield. It was our lives or theirs. We turned the hydraulic stream on them and washed the car over the cliff. If you don't believe me, get somebody to show you their faces."

She indicated with a gesture two forms that lay at a little distance back from the roadside, motionless beneath a sheet of canvas—the bodies of Trine's creatures, recovered by the mining gang and brought up for a Christian burial.

But Trine required no more confirmation of Judith's word. The light flickered and died in his evil old eyes; his stricken countenance assumed a hue of pallor even more intense than was normal with it; a broken curse issued from his trembling, thin, old lips; and his chin sagged to his chest, heavily weighted with despair that foreshadowed the realization of the fact that he no longer owned even one friend or creature upon whose conscienceless loyalty he might depend.

The last bitter drop that brimmed his cup of misery was added when Alan Law himself appeared, leaving the mining cabin in company with his betrothed—Rose now soothed and comforted, smiling through the traces of her recent tears as she clung to her lover, nestling in the hollow of his arm.

To Alan, on the other hand, this rencontre seemed an affront, nothing but the pleasant surprise imaginable.

"Well!" he cried, releasing Rose and running down to the car. "Here's luck! And at the very moment when I was calling my lucky star hard names! How can I ever reward your thoughtfulness, Mr. Trine? It beats me how you got track of me this way—happening along like this every time I need a car the worst way in the world!"

"Drive on!" Trine screamed to the chauffeur. "Drive on, do you hear?"

But Judith had stepped up on the running board and was eyeing the driver coldly, with one hand significantly resting on the butt of the weapon at her side. The car remained at a standstill.

Sulphurous profanity followed, a pungent stream of vituperation that was checked only by Judith's interruption: "We've had to gag you once before, you know. If you want another taste of that—keep on!"

"But where's Marroplat?" Judith demanded, after helping Rose into the car and running off to thank their hosts. Alan returned aloof to the car. "Goodness only knows," the young man answered cheerfully. "He would insist on rambling off down the canyon in search of an alleged town where we could hire a motor car—somewhere down there. I tried to make him understand that we had plenty of time, but he was mullah as he generally is when he gets a foolish notion into his head. So I daresay we'll meet him on his way back—or else asleep somewhere by the roadside!"

Taking the seat next to the chauffeur, he gave the word to drive on; and they slipped away from the location of the mining camp, saluted by cheers from the miners.

The road dipped sharply down the mountainside to the bed of the canyon. The car moved smoothly and swiftly, coasting; only now and then was it necessary to call upon the engine for power with which to negotiate an upward grade at some uncommonly long stretch of level road.

Half an hour passed without a word spoken by any member of the party. Each was deep in his or her own special preoccupation: Alan turning over plans for an early wedding; Rose hushing the contentment regained through her lover's protestations; Judith lost in profoundest melancholy; Trine nursing his rage, working himself up into a silent fury whose consequences were to be more far-reaching than even he dreamed in his wildest moments.

Its first development, for all that, was desperate enough.

The aged monomaniac occupied the right-hand corner of the rear seat. Thus his one able hand was next to Judith, in close juxtaposition to the revolver in the holster on her hip.

Without the least warning his left hand closed upon the weapon, withdrew it and leveled it at the back of Alan's head.

As he pulled the trigger Judith flung herself bodily upon the arm.

Even so the bullet found a goal, though in another than the intended victim. The muscular forearm of the chauffeur received it.

With a shriek of pain the man released the wheel and grasped his arm.

Before Alan could move to prevent the disaster the car, running without a guiding hand, careened off a low embankment to the left and shot full tilt into a shallow ditch on the right, shelling its passengers like peas from a broken pod.

Also catapulted a good twenty feet through the air and alighted with such force that he lay stunned for several moments.

When he came to, he found Barcus helping him to his feet; a heavy seven-passenger touring car halted in the roadway indicated the manner in which his friends had arrived on the scene of the accident.

When damages were assessed it was found that none of the party had suffered seriously but the chauffeur and Seneca Trine himself. The former had only his wound to show however, while Trine lay still and senseless at a very considerable distance from the wrecked automobile.

Nothing but a barely perceptible respiration and intermittently fluttering eyelids betrayed the presence of the man.

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DeWITT'S (Columbia) WHITZ HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

His pulse persuaded them that the flame of life was not extinct in that poor, old, pain-racked body.

The Last Trump.

Toward the evening of the third day following the motor spill, Judith sat in the deeply recessed window of a bedroom on the second floor of a hotel situated in the heart of California's orange-growing lands.

Behind her Seneca Trine sat, apparently asleep, in a wheeled invalid chair.

There was no occupant of the room. Though he had lain nearly two days in coma, her father's subsequent progress toward recovery of his normal state had been rapid. Now, according to a council of surgeons and physicians who had been summoned to deliberate on his case, he was in fact on the verge of the average span of a sound man's lifetime. He had apparently suffered nothing in consequence of his accident more serious than prolonged unconsciousness. For the last twenty-four hours he had been in full possession of his faculties and (for some reason impossible to Judith to fathom) uncommonly cheerful.

From this circumstance she drew a certain sense of mystified anxiety. Twice in the course of the morning she had caught his eye following her with a gleam of sardonic exultancy, as though he nursed some secret of extraordinary potentialities.

And yet (she argued) it was quite impossible that he should have some fresh scheme brewing for the assassination of Alan. Not a soul had had any sort of communication with him since his recovery but the attending surgeon, a man of unimpeachable character, and herself, Judith. Under such circumstances he simply could not have seen a new conspiracy afoot.

And yet... She was oppressed by a great uneasiness.

Perhaps (she reasoned) the weather was responsible for this feeling, in some measure at least. The day had been unconscionably hot, a day without a breath of air. Now, as it drew toward its close, its heat seemed to become more and more oppressive even as the light waned and a dark, portentous phenomenon—a vast pall of ink cloud shouldering up over the mountains to the music of distant rumblings.

Nor was this all; a considerable degree of restlessness was surely pardonable in one who, from her window, watched a carriage-drive populous with vehicles (for the most part motor cars) bringing to the hotel gayly dressed men and women, the guests invited to the wedding of Rose Trine and Alan Law.

Within another ten minutes the man Judith loved with all her body and soul would be the husband of her sister.

She had told herself she was resigned; but she was not, and she would never be. Her heart was breaking in her bosom as she sat there, watching, waiting, listening to the ever heavier detonations of the approaching thunderstorm and to the jubilant pealing of a great organ down below.

The had told herself that, though resigned, she could not bear to witness the ceremony. Now as the moment drew near when the marriage would be a thing finished, fixed, irrevocable, she found herself unable to endure the strain alone.

Slowly, against her will, she rose and struck the floor to her father's chair.

His breathing was slow and regular; beyond doubt he slept; unquestionably there was no reason why she should not leave him for ten minutes; even though he waked it could not harm him to await her return at the end of that scant period.

Like a guilty thief, she crept from the room, closed the door silently, ran down the hall and descended by a back way, a little-used staircase, to the lower hall, approaching the scene of the marriage.

Constructed in imitation of an old Spanish mission chapel, it contained one of the finest organs in the world; at this close range its deep-throated tones vied with the warnings of the storm. Judith, lurking in a passage-way whose open door revealed the altar steps and chancel, was shaken to the very marrow of her being by the majestic reverberations of the music.

Since they had regained contact with civilization in a section of the country where the Law estate had vast holdings of land, the chapel was thronged with men and women who had known Alan's father and wished to honor his son.

Above stairs, in the room Judith had quitted, Seneca Trine opened both eyes wide and laughed a silent laugh of savage triumph when the door closed behind his daughter.

At last he was left to his own devices—and at a time the most fitting imaginable for what he had in mind.

With a grin, Seneca Trine raised both arms and stretched them wide apart.

Then, grasping the arms of his chair, he lifted himself from it and stood trembling upon his own feet for the first time in almost twenty years.

From the back of the wheeled chair, he used it as a crutch to guide his feeble and uncertain movements. But these became momentarily stronger and more confident.

This, then, was the secret he had hushed to his embittered bosom, a secret unsuspected even by the attending surgeon; that through the motor accident three days ago he had regained the use of limbs that had been stricken motionless—strangely enough, by a motor car—nearly two decades since.

Slowly but surely moving to the bureau in the room, he opened one of its drawers and took out something he had, without her knowledge, seen Judith put away there while she thought he slept.

Then, with this hidden in the pocket of his dressing gown he strode a straight if very deliberate course to the door, let himself out, and like a materialized specter of the man he once had been, navigated the corridor to the head of the broad central staircase and step by step, clinging with both hands, negotiated the descent.

The lobby of the hotel was deserted. As the ceremony approached its end every guest and servant in the house was crowding the doorway to the chapel. None opposed the progress of this ghastly vision in dressing gown and slippered feet, chuckling inwardly to himself as he tottered through the empty halls and corridors, finding an almost supernatural strength to sustain him till he found

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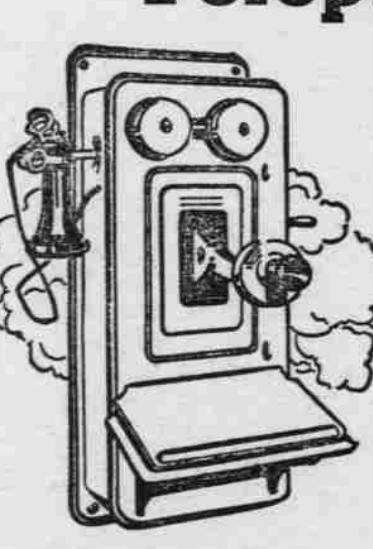
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